

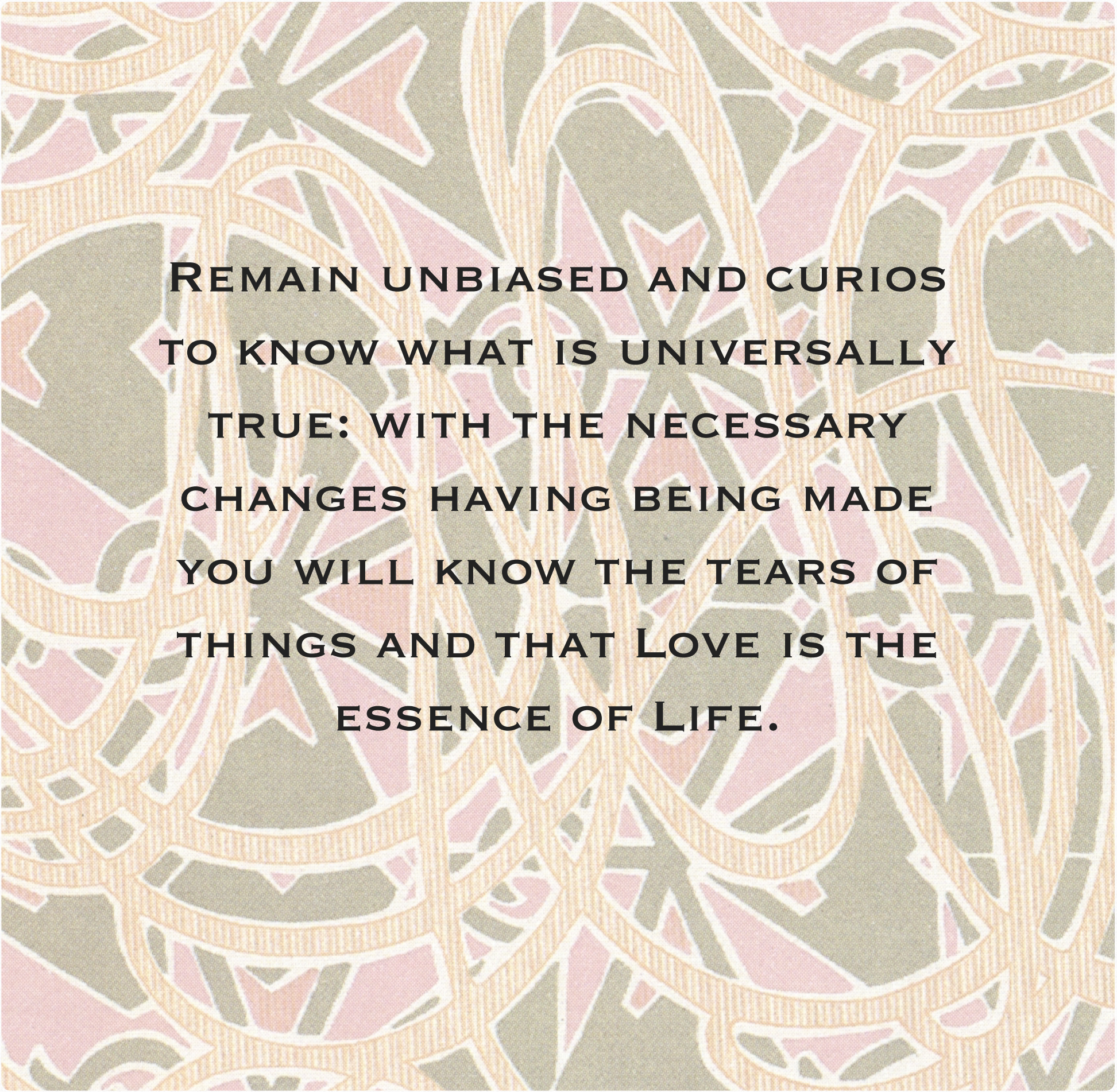
TIMELESS TRUTHS

THE POET : Echoing with love the timeless truths seen everyday: Life through the Musings of the Scientist Poet.

David Scanlon

PUBLISHERS DETAILS

*“I do not wish for
power over others;
but for power over
myself as I enjoy and
struggle in my
everyday challenges”*



**REMAIN UNBIASED AND CURIOS
TO KNOW WHAT IS UNIVERSALLY
TRUE: WITH THE NECESSARY
CHANGES HAVING BEING MADE
YOU WILL KNOW THE TEARS OF
THINGS AND THAT LOVE IS THE
ESSENCE OF LIFE.**

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2020

TIMELESS TRUTHS

**THE POET - ECHOING WITH LOVE THE
TIMELESS TRUTHS SEEN EVERYDAY: LIFE
THROUGH THE MUSING OF THE SCIENTIST POET**

By

DAVID SCANLON

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS

ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE POET, THE PRISONER & THE FOOL

POETRY FOR BUSINESS: FIRED BY PASSION

POETRY FOR BUSINESS: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS

SPEAK OF LOVE: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS

LOVE WILL SET YOU FREE

STAYING CONNECTED

TRANSLATIONS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

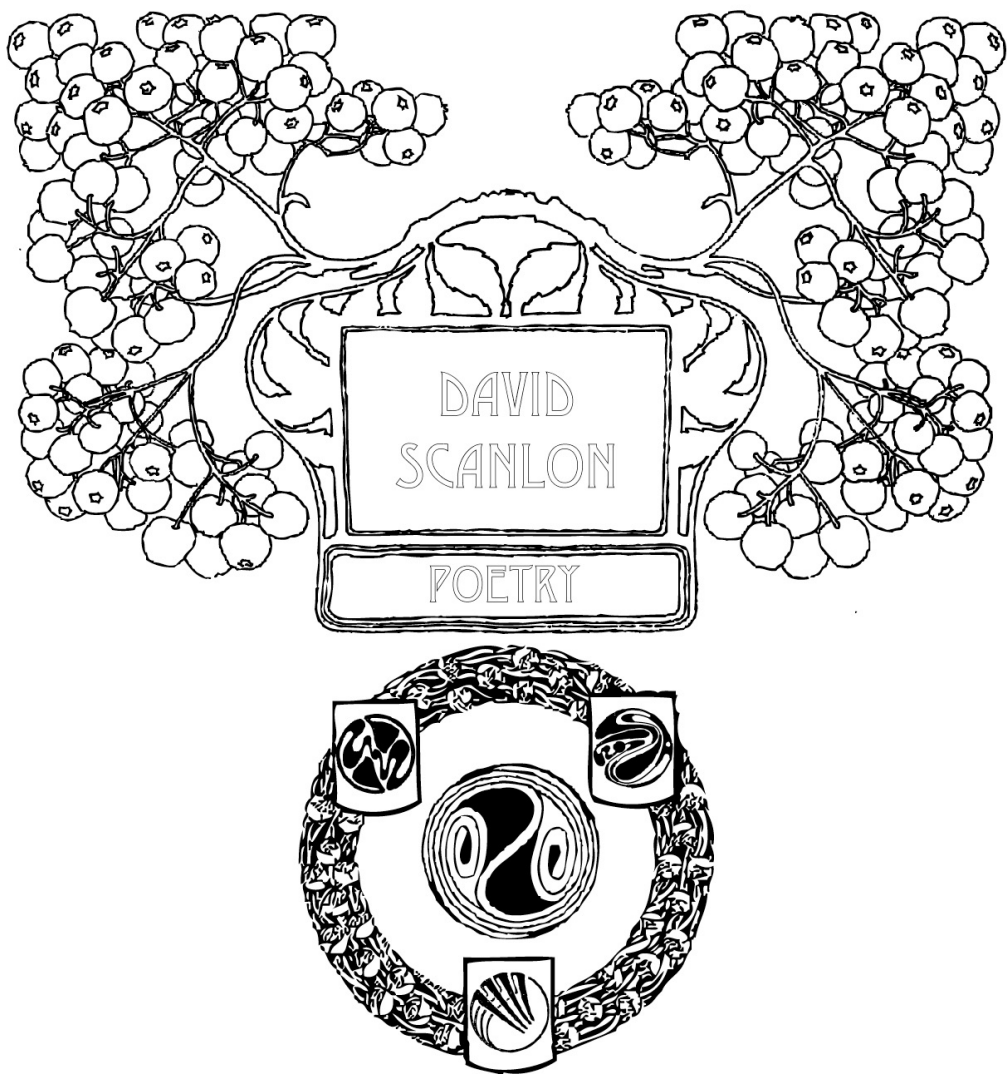
POEMS OF ALBERTO CAEIRO (VOLUME 1) - FERNANDO PESSOA

POEMS OF ALBERTO CAEIRO (VOLUME 2) - FERNANDO PESSOA

THE KEEPER OF FLOCKS - ALBERTO CAEIRO

NEEHAR - MAHADEVI VARMA (TRANSLATED WITH PARUL
SINGHAL)

COLLECTED POEMS - NEW TRANSLATIONS





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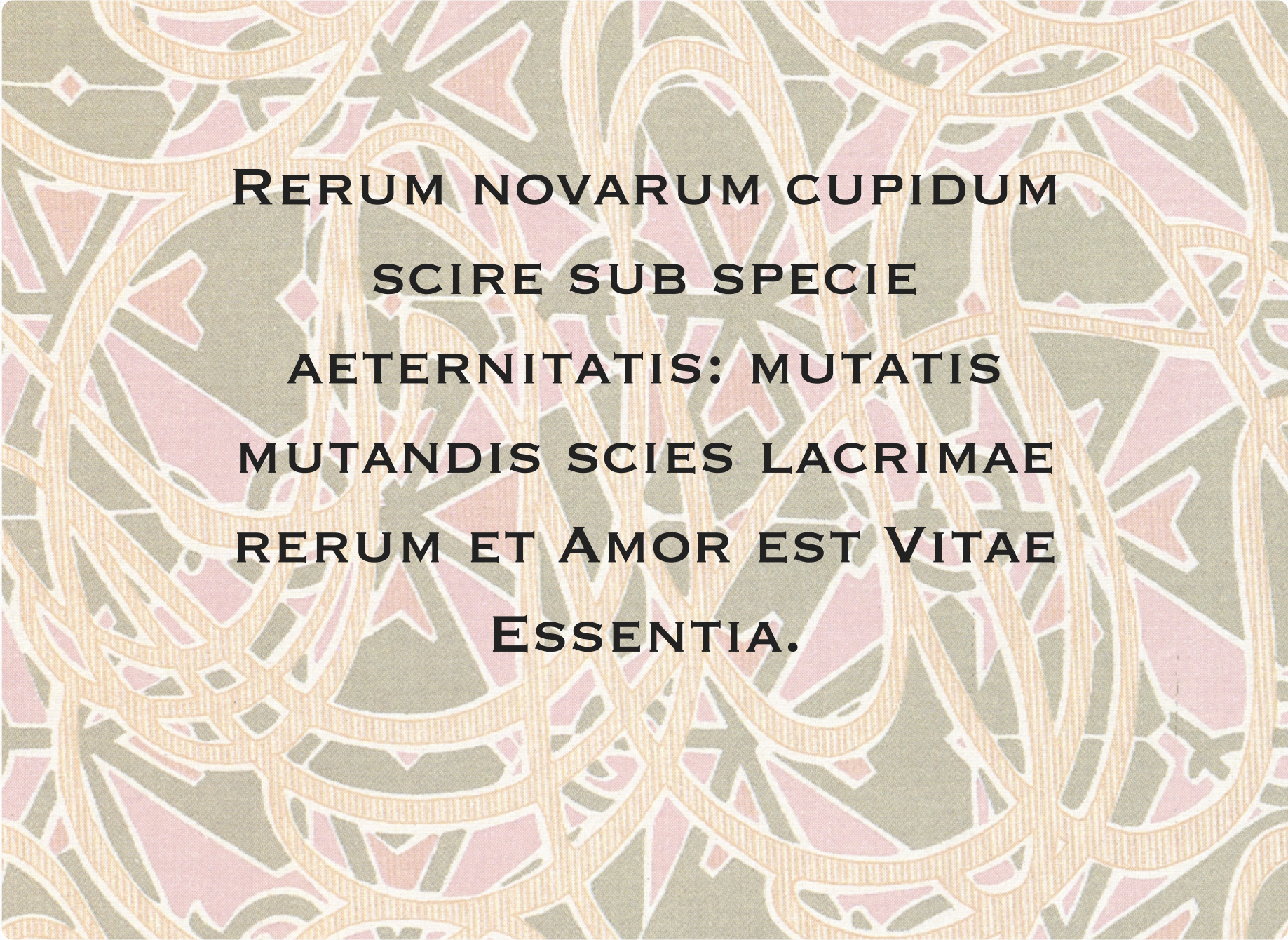
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FOR LEXI & HENRY SCANLON

YOU HAVE HELPED ME GROW AND
LEARN. AS YOU MOVE ON I MOVE ON.
LOVE REMAINS ETERNAL

POEMS

“In the poet’s voice the eternal spirit joins us with our true nature with a mysterious and creative power.”



RERUM NOVARUM CUPIDUM
SCIRE SUB SPECIE
AETERNITATIS: MUTATIS
MUTANDIS SCIES LACRIMAE
RERUM ET AMOR EST VITAE
ESSENTIA.

David Scanlon: Lives in Cheshire with his family and friends. He previously worked for ArisGlobal, previously AstraZeneca, and has devoted his working life to discovering and delivering medicines to

patients in need of new treatments. In his day-to-day activities he finds inspiration to write poetry. This collection was written for love and was created from the many poetic moments we each make every day.

WOMAN'S WILL

I see you John, I see you Phil,
I see you live upon the hill:
I see you Jane, I see you Gill
I see you must wait and be still.

I hear you Stan, I hear you Bill
I hear you live with all your fill.
I hear you Clare, I hear you Lill
I hear you know to keep your will.

TIMELESS TRUTHS

I awake in the silence of her majesty
And see beyond the thoughts that drive me
Towards the life which we seek and,
In those moments of pure ecstasy,
Time stops and the whole world
Is as sharp and clear as the trees breath;
Life as the flowers scent is breathed
By the green grass of the meadow.

At that moment, beyond life's grief,
Pure breathes of her words come
Through the shallow breathing of a moment
Spent without the thoughts and feelings
And expectations of self and others and,
Within that hallowed space of poesies Joy,
The true reality of things lives; timeless love
Within and beyond what we create with our truths.

SORRY FOR BEING ME

The damage and joy is already done!

Sweet majesty, who in the glorious sun resides,
Hold us true within your fullest bounty so reality can dawn.

Within your heart, when we together find rhythm,
And within your touch is a beyond-ness in the everyday.

Never far from the nothingness of her deep love
We live within our world of emotions, separating us in work.

You spoke caring words to heal a careless harm
Yet anger grow within me, drawn from a bewildering place.

From that we both moved on, with little lingering
You spoke words of school and kids and of those not present.

But I never moved on as she came and spoke to me
Of love and harm and pleasure and all that we truly are and..

In that silent majesty, within our noise, I truly saw
And heard as she spoke of what we both are in our goings on.

And at that very moment, the anger disappeared,
As I disappeared in your presence and you appeared as you are.

No longer clothed in the unreal emotions we create
The freedom of seeing you, as you are, released her fullest love.

I smiled and in my eyes I wondered what you saw
For in that smile and with my eyes I showed you her eternal love.

I could not speak as I was not there, I lived between
My shell of bones and skin and a pumping heart the size of a fist

And your smile and words and gentle touch of care
And at that very moment I felt at one within the glories of the sun.

ON THAT DAY

It is my deepest wish
That I will some day
Again find her peace
And in love stay

Among the friends
Who were always true
And in living knew
Of her loves play.

Then with smiles
Upon that day
I will with relish
In great love say:

“All I did was try
And cry and love:
For we learn of life
In only one way!”

PÅ DEN DAGEN

Det är mitt djupaste önskemål
Att jag någonsin kommer
Återigen hitta hennes frid
Och i kärlek stanna

Bland vännerna
Vem alltid var sanna
Och i levande visste
Av hennes förälskad spela.

Sedan med leenden
På den dagen
Jag ska med förnödenhet
I stor kärlek säga:

"Allt jag gjorde var att försöka
Och gråta och älska:
För att vi lär oss om livet
på bara en väga!"

ECHOES OF MEMORY

"To speak the truth, I think that people ought to be upset, ...; I think that life is so important and, in its workings, so upsetting that nobody should be spared."

J.R. Ackerley to Stephen Spender - (1955)

When the light of hope, in dreams, possesses a soul
There will be a time when they will come to pass, for
In those who seek the truth in every place of life,
And see beyond the places where she does not lay,
Are the echoes of memory, dreams waiting with patience,
Fully open to seize the moment when poetic words live.

Then in speaking the truth, now fully seen in her ways,
The upset and fears from ego's harm grasp and hold;
Life is too important, and people ought to feel the pain,
As we are not things but collective intrusions-of-selves
Each finding ways to live with our hopes and dreams
Clumsily making noises that attempt to make us whole.

And within the noiseless moments with self, we betray
The ecstatic pleasure of being with others and things
As the unconscious boundaries of self-hood shout out
From a distant echo of another memory, torn from us,
And the two come together to find a new place in self.
Oh God let me see just once the true-ness of another.

Let me see through, without words, to the beating heart
That pumps and drives the movement of our times
And in that moment accept that noticing the movement,
In our habitual patterning, is the source of dreams;
Seeing and hearing these opportunities to be at one,
Beyond self-hood, is the joy that she brings with love.

LIVE TRUTHFULLY

When in deepest love you seek an end,
But all are seen through ego's dark light,
Stop and smell the grass, see the sky
And in that moment of majestic joy
Live.

Wallowing within false loves lost truths
Speaks only of what man reeks on man,
Negating her timeless, ever present, love
Which is found in seeing and hearing
Truthfully.

I LIVE IN A WORLD

I lived in a world where movement meant action,
Action meant success,
Success means action,
And the action was our movement.

I lived in a world where care meant nurture
Nurture meant success,
Success means nurture,
And the nurture was our care.

I lived in a world where time meant duty
Duty meant success,
Success means duty,
And our duty was to time.

I now live in a world where
The movement, in her love, transcends time;
Her duty to nurture being timeless
The reality of her movement is now clear in all our actions.

TRUTH: LOVING CARE

Your smiling faces betray the truth,
For it can never hide from the ones
Who see and hear and speak of truth.

Your life has covered so much living!
In the many places you have touched
Lies the careful moments of our living.

Your love transcends; a dancing stare
Which draws the smiles of friendship
From the ones who will always care.

SPEAK SOFTLY OF LOVE

Speak softly
and with a clear voice
of her truths.

Immersed and bathed,
Washed and free,
find the music and joy
In all things.

Let freedom
then take hold and
give full voice
to all that we are
in making
and taking the things
of this world.

With honest
endeavour find in life
all the truths,
which we carefully hide
in loves place,
and let those who hate
move freely

and speak well
of things which grasp you:
In passion
be moved and love all;
Love yourself
enough to understand
another's pains.

For in love,
without shame in making
we sustain
through the words of others,
whose passion
finds a different voice,
a whole life.

FINDING HER WAY

I played when I should play,
I laughed when I should laugh,
& I loved when I should love.

Finding a way to see came later.

I worked when I should work,
I cried when I should cry,
& I spoke when I should speak.

Finding a way to listen came later.

I slept when I should sleep,
I woke when I should wake,
& I wrote when I should write.

Finding a way to be with her came.

SELF-SACRIFICE

His self-sacrifice is perhaps the vilest deed a man can do.
The self that we are, in her love, is all that we are,
is the very individual flame of life itself
which is man's pure self.

And to sacrifice that to her, not to anything or anybody whatsoever,
is to reach the highest attainment and camaraderie.
And a woman can add her flame to the flame of another man
as her gift of gladness, seeing in him all of life lit up
swifter and higher and brighter, for the yielding and the adding together.

Her self-sacrifice is perhaps the vilest deed a woman can do.
The self that we are, in her love, is all that we are,
is the very individual flame of life itself
which is woman's pure self.

And to sacrifice that to her, not to anything or anybody whatsoever,
is to reach the highest attainment and camaraderie.
And a man can add his flame to the flame of another woman
as his gift of gladness, seeing in her all of life lit up
swifter and higher and brighter, for the yielding and the adding together.

And in that sacrifice, to her, the eternal higher love
Neither have given up their self, at its best, in sacrifice to another,

THE LOVE

The love I hold for you is bounded
Not in the mundane of the day
But in the joy of the past
Mingled with pleasure present
And the future beyond it all.

The love I hold for you is bounded
Not in the way I appear to you each day,
Defined by the joyless prison of work,
The engrained lack of self belief
Which I hide so poorly.

The love I hold for you is bounded
Not in the way you appear to me each day
Defined by the relentless focus of doing
The engrained drive to succeed
Which you hide so poorly.

The love we hold for each other is unbounded
As we see each other for what we are;
Trusting, supporting and respecting of our gifts
Whist managing our desires to do everything,
Which we do so poorly.

THE VIGIL OF WRITING CONSUMES

The vigils of writing consume,
Leaving so little time to live here;
Yet in the quietist space, between the words,
More living is lived than in the life of everyday,
Living in which we hide from the reality of life.

If Virgil's writing does not consume,
In his obsessions, or Dante's speak,
Then the muse still hides for she speaks in them,
Through them, and all poets who find her voice
From living in the everyday with eyes and ears open.

The virgin white space filled again,
In the obsessive use of this time-living
I find her in the quietude, calm echoing words
That speak with dignity and love of the everyday
Without hiding from all that life is and is not.

On the verge of humanities place
Opens the mystery of mysteries space:
Living on her precipice and seeing life anew
And hearing in her words the love of all loves,
Her Siren's call, helps us to stay a while and write.

The vigil of writing consumes,
Giving infinite time to those living there;
Having bathed in her infinite light, none-existence,
Her majestic flow, life is seen fully for what it is -
A living which has never been hidden: love's joy.

WORDS: UNBLINDING LOVE

"Literature is not a mere Science, to be studied; but is an Art, to be practised. Great as is our own literature, we must consider it as a legacy to be improved." Arthur Quiller-Couch (1915)

I live through the history of former lives,
Who found the words to speak of things,
Placing the meaning of things in words,
Words which I have learned to master;
Anchoring me in all these former lives.

Words of former lives give voice to all
That is new, in our world of amazing things;
They help us continue in the joy of making.
In stopped time seeing and hearing things
Gives voice to another, her words of love.

Learning to live beyond the living words,
That make and create the new things
And gives voice to the things before us,
Requires that we move beyond thinking
To experience wordless things as they are.

Sitting within her noiseless silent living
Brings together former lives and things
Into the majesty and tranquility of her love,
An endless love that hides in the words,
Words that endlessly echo in our making.

Her words, that have no words, need words
Which come from those who hear and see
And experience her time and her warmth;
A beyond words experience of just being,
Where words just try to speak of her way.

In living the full experience of a shaped life
There is a balance between mysteries joy
And the everyday goings on in our making:
Words of care and love and hate and desire
Will always find voice from our fears and joys.

Finding our unique purpose in these words
Is learning to see who we truly are; through
The eyes and words of others we will find
Our own words which speak of our passions,
Unblinded, in her love, from human failings.

HIDING AWAY

Hide away all you that cannot see.
Let those who can see see-and-speak
And let those who can hear hear-her.

Hearing and seeing and hiding allows
Those who want to see see-her-love
and those who hear hear-her words.

Without the silence of our moments,
Between the moments of our being
And the moments of being together,
There will always remain mysteries
Beyond for those that see and hear
And speak - choosing not to hide
From her call, to speak of her love,
Requires we hide and live within her.

Learning to see and hear her love
Takes patient courage to seek within
The dark places from which we hide.

Hide all you that can see-her-love!
Show all that cannot hear-her-words
That her eternal voice of love lives on.

#LIKE@GIVE@LIVE

I wonder what our world be
If each one was to pay a fee
For each comment and every like
A pound for the weak and each tyke
That suffers in the world today.
Let the experiment begin:
I'll pay!
Let our kindness and care win:
Just say!

I wonder with our world free
What each one of us would then be
If each comment and every like
Was kindness and care - all alike
In our joy filled world, shaped today,
Let us act now, at once begin:
I'll give.
Let us now let love and joy win:
We'll live.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT THAT MOMENT?

What is it about that moment,
The one that we almost missed,
Which meant we touched each other
In a way few seldom know, in a kiss?

To lay here amongst your silence
And be gathered towards your whole
It's here I recognised our growing
As we entwined in this love our souls.

Do others find in deepened silence
This liberation as we two, in love, do?
Or do they miss these sweet moments
Which I so often have shared with you.

How lucky can one simple person be
To find such eternal and truthful bliss?
Lean across this moment, my darling,
And let us find another tender kiss.

EYES, WAYS AND HOPE

In the journey inward I found my habits,
My ways of living with the everyday,
My ways of seeing through another's eyes,
Her eyes.

In the journey inward I found my freedom,
My ways of being content in going along,
My ways of speaking of an eternal love,
Her ways.

In the journey outward I found her words,
My way of being alone with human fears,
My way of listening for moments of joy,
Her hope.

PEACEFUL TRUTH

Words have their music
When the soul speaks,
For truth always touches
Those in need of love.

The seekers of truth
Carry the pain of others,
As beauty is a healer
For those who travel

The path to her heart,
Which is always open,
Awaiting those who will
Abandon all and live,

And is glorious with joy.
Seeing beyond things
Into the heart of truth
Reveals her eternal peace.

FRIENDSHIP TRUTHS

Some people pass through life
Without experiencing true friendship;
What moments they miss of
The divine and untied binding.

Friendship exists within us forever,
True friendship shapes who we are
Enabling a connection beyond unity
Between time past, present and future.

A touching of souls shapes us all.

I AM A TRUE FRIEND

I am a true friend, wholeheartedly respectful.

I am a true friend, valuing you more than most.

I am a true friend, who is inspired each day by you.

I am a true friend, going further than just work

I am a true friend, working together in all my love.

I am a true friend, showing interest in you always.

You are a mystery to me, which is our journey of adventure!

THE WINDOWLESS BUS

We met on the bus travelling here
But never arrived the same at our place.
In our moments of resolute pride
The windows shattered from seeing better
And a new view was fore-ever present
In our making: a creation without barriers.

The driver of the bus turned around
But the face was too distant to make out.
Walking down past the passengers,
Chit-chatting about the everyday things,
A hopefulness of directions possibility
Came as the driver turned to look ahead.

Banging on the window, hoping to see
The road ahead through the drivers eyes,
The driver turned and I saw myself.
Awe stuck I turned again to speak to you
Of the surprise only to hear you
Living again amongst the everyday words.

You kindly welcomed me to my seat.
With that smile you brought me to speak.
The words that came did not talk
Of windows and drivers but of things.
The windows were back but open
Half-hiding the world as it passed by.

As we descended from that bus
I looked back again, I was driving again
As the windowless bus disappeared.
I try to talk of what I have seen in words
But few appear to travel to this place
And understand the symbols before us.

As we walked along you spoke again.
You talked of the window-less bus and
Of the the face you saw in the drivers face.
It was in that moment that I realised
That being alone in the world of seeing
Is a lonely place: I feel better now in sharing.

FINDING LOVES TRUTH

Inhabiting the hopeful daze of tomorrows dreams
Provides the nourishment to want, the passion to change,
the willingness to love.

Without these caring dreams - which raise our wings
And move us beyond to what we can be, from what we are,
to what we most need,

The realities of our humanity lay dormant, asleep,
Hidden without light, ignorant without the heat of thought,
and cold without love.

So, with our diligent humanity let us begin the work;
Let our new words forward hope, let us resist the dark fears,
and in love find truth.

ONE TRUTH

A selflessness bestows itself upon the world,
In myriad ways we ebbing-shape a goodness;
Within the words of differing tribes a oneness,
Without consolation for those that lie beyond.
For in the limits of our verbal passions we:

The weary ones;
The curios ones;
The vocal ones
Of human limits
Seek simple words to speak of truth.

Inexorably extinguishing all hopes in our ways
We seek honours-gift to extol of vocal virtues;
Language-nesses elusive voice echoes from us,
Plainly complexing for those who divert others,
Towards their inner passions, hoping that we:

The listening ones;
The hopeful ones;
The quiet ones
Of human work
Will find in their words a simple truth.

Yet in the betweenness of our existence we move;
Finely harnessed within the comforts of our words
Lies the spaceless time waiting like a gentle wind,
Touching and caressing each of us, cajoling pace,
A silent quietude that embraces us so that we

The loving ones;
The selfish ones;
The existing ones
Of humane time
Will live with all words within one truth.

HEALING TRUTH

Oh poet true
Find me the song
That will stay long
And heal you!

Oh poet you
Find me the song
That will stay long
And be true!

A LOVE FILLED LIFE

Each time we wake, fully alive to our selves,
Fully present to others, there comes loves joy.
For only in our truthful union, loving moments,
When we step beyond our incoherent walls,
Will the certainties in a love of life appear.

Sought for things, ever present since birth,
Dominate our humanity, exalting their own joy.
Wallowing within the trappings of life, yet seeking,
Disguises the meaning we constantly make
Never allowing the fullest joy of living to grow.

Distractions with passion, the energy of life,
Keep us harnessed together, giving a joy.
Selfish needs fills our lives, a working time,
Which gives rise to the things we then seek;
A hidden circle of things and our passion.

Stopping and giving, without our own needs,
Listening to words beyond, filled with love,
Releases a power beyond measured time.
So, in living a life of passion just think who
Am I? What do I seek? Does love fill my life?

IN FREEDOM RELEASE

With our freedoms come responsibilities,
Ones held dearly by many, however we speak;
Yet in holding too tight to our fears and hate
We can easily transcend toward unknown harm;
And in that journey, towards those we would not be,
Lies harm and yet all of our hope of seeing truthfully.

No political politeness, and jostling, leads
Unless it comes from a deep place of respect;
When a coming together of ideas, in shared action,
Moves us forward we all gain in the joy-filled act;
Yet when all respect is lost, in ideologies inadequacy,
There is a greater harm, a hopelessness without truth.

So take these freedoms, fraught with passion,
And accept with humility and humanity all who speak;
Take their words and lives and weigh up their needs,
Which transcend the selfishness of ideologies dogma,
And within your heart find their loving heart which is
The motive for all passion: love being our shared truth.

Then in your actions take courage, live in truth.
In that moment, seeing beyond your own needs be
Forever faithful to the ones with full belief in freedom.
Seize the moment and with our shared loving truth
Make this time, in our destiny, a moment when we say:
In love find each other's truth: then we are again free.

FOR THE FIRST TIME

Can you imagine that blessed time,
Just before our dawn light, when,
For the first time, her magic appeared;
Radiant yet translucently uttered.

In that birth, in that moment, time
Stood quietly eternal, beyond the light,
And for the first time, she spoke words;
Noticed and remembered who spoke?

Was it a he, at that time, beyond time,
Or was it a she who spoke first, when,
For the first time, her magic appeared;
Full and raw, creating that fear and joy.

For in those first words, in our time,
Where the mystery broke free for all,
The eternal love in us all spoke as one;
Through those first words I became we.

Can you now imagine that blessed time,
Just before the dawns crisp light, when,
For the first time, her magic appeared;
Love formed in the quiet words of poets.

याद है वो लम्हे, सूरज की किरणों,
जमीन की ओर चल रही थी
और अनजानी सी छुअन,
मन के आकाश का रंग बदल रही थी

उस पल में रोशन हुआ एक,
अलग ही रूप मन मतवाले का
खामोश था बरसों से जैसे,
इंतज़ार हो किसी नए उजाले का

कोई रुहानी एहसास था,
या फिर फ़रिश्तों की जुबान थी
किसी अजनबी से पहली,
मुलाकात की सहमी हुई मुस्कान थी

धीरे से राज की बात खोली,
जो अब तक अनकही थी
खुद बिखरी है सुकून बन के,
और मुझको समेट रही थी

ONE DAY WE WILL

One day we will remember
When the dam burst and we,
With our fragility laid bare,
Stared into the abyss that
Fully, in this moment in time,
Opened us up to the truth:
That love does conquer all.

One day we will remember
How the tide turned and we,
With our humanity fully raw
Stared into the abyss and
Finally, in this moment in time,
Opened ourselves up to truth:
That to care for others is love.

One day we will remember
When the best in us emerged,
With our truth and love at one,
As we stared into the abyss,
And, in this moment in time,
Came together as one, in loves
Movement reaching each other.

One day we will remember
When the worst in us died,
Without a glimmer of loss and,
As we stared into the abyss,
Finally, in this moment in time,
Did the right things, for love,
Knowing that truth is kindness.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO STEP FREELY

There are those who step quietly,
Without the egoist pomp and ceremony
Alive in the attention grabbing vacuous noise:
 Being present they heal and sooth;
 Selflessly they give without receiving
 Anything but the daily threat of harm.

There are those who step eagerly,
Without rushing to placate selfish needs
Alive in the consumer conscious grabbing tribe:
 Being humble they stay and care;
 Selflessly they wash without washing
 Free the danger that devotion brings.

There are those who step freely,
Without the unconscious fear and drive
Alive in our everyday caring for those we love:
 Selflessly they are humble and present;
 Being present, as we are absent, they
 Freely devote themselves to our care.

YOU TOUCHED ME

Life's joy-filled celebrations humanise our animal ways,
For they draw us back to a basic community of silence
Where inhibitions and egos fall away and we once again:
 Live fully immersed in the otherness of others;
 Regain harmony in her silent musical tones;
 See and hear fully as though for the first time!

Sharing the celebrations humanises others animal ways,
For in our community of noise we lose each others needs
As the selfishness of our fears grips and we so often:
 Live darkly in the otherness of others;
 Lose perspective as her music is drowned;
 See and hear our sameness not uniqueness!

You touched me in way that you can never fully know,
For in your simple act of kindness I saw clearly again
That place where the poets go and I was once again:
 Alive in the presence of something beyond us;
 Present to the music of Natures quiet self;
 Seeing and hearing fully bathed in her Love!

DIGITAL LOVE

Digital data are words without meaning;
Information, meaning within his narrow context,
Elusively expressing something of our ways -
Ways expressed in our goings-on together,
Where the meaning is always elusive.

Poetic words are data with a meaning:
Poetry, meaning within her narrow context,
Elusively expressing something of our ways -
Ways expressing all of our goings-on,
Where the meaning is always elusive.

When truth and beauty emerge in words,
Digitally transformed with our human passion,
Elusiveness disappears, for that moment,
As our ways, our goings-on, are clear,
Where the meaning is always love.

SHE IS

She is the light in my darkness
Taking me to places I could not see;
Her soft silent touch embracing me
Wrapping me and protecting me.

She is forever by my side, always
Finding the right word to move me,
Helping me to take actions to be
The best of me, the whole of me.

She is the one who helped me love
By hearing the voices within me,
Learning what it means to be me;
She moved me beyond to be free.

ONENESS

When all have power seeking ideology, what joins us,
Except the hatred of all others who have more power:
A self love overriding the human instinct of community;
 A oneness of a one language creating and breaking us,
 With the uniqueness of our onenesses trapping us all.

When all have a love seeking purpose, she joins us,
And moved beyond our hatred of self and others: power:
Eternal love overriding all in the human instinct of community:
 A oneness of a one language creating and making us,
 With the uniqueness of our onenesses freeing us all.

SONNETS OF ETERNAL HOPE - I

With the mind trapped in our unholy words,
There seems so few ways to escape, renew
The endless bounty, the world of the few,
And love and rejoice our place in the herd.

In placing hatred in another life,
Without finding and removing ones strife,
Lies open the falsehoods our words now find,
From memories anchored within our minds.

Whether joy it comes from synapse or pulse
Or experienced from beyond in preys play
In speaking through love we can help repulse

And find words in our joining and then stay
At one in that moment in love's friendship
Seeing again her eternal kinship.

SONNETS OF ETERNAL HOPE - III

Oh please let the love I hold for you last
And survive all those times I live in fast;
In starvations hope for a fresh new way
Let me hold on, linger and with you stay.

Staying true to loves vision found in you
Awakes, each moment, resilience to be
At one with all natures soft morning dew
And see and listen and feel and not flee

The horrors and the darkness as before,
On the lonely journey, searching, forlorn
In the worlds melancholic charms and harms

Where things seem to hold, yet they were unborn
Speaking just to those who hear the alarms.
Oh please let your love help me find our door.

SONNETS OF ETERNAL HOPE - IV

Defined by dwindling politicians, whose light dims
Ever-more in the ever widening divisions of a languid
Language which speaks only of power seeking limbs
And weakening ideologies where spoken words, turgid,

Damn-us rather than represent the best of all of us.
If only they could find within them the lost honour-code
Which binds and cements our common goals, thus
Move forward with one voice the world, now slowed.

Is it too much to hope for movement beyond enmity
And find the love we hold within our eternal identity;
Find in our England, in our Scotland that National pride,

Find in our Welsh voice and Irish harmony a loving song
That can overcome our human weakness and ride
Forward with our world friends and heal these wrongs.

SONNETS OF ETERNAL HOPE - V

Places live within the hearts of the ones
Who, constantly afflicted by mans fears,
Deepen the meaning, of present outcomes,
And speak from those tears the words of all years.

Living with the love of our special gift,
Entwined within this past and present time
Our words shape what we see and then we shift,
And for some those moments come in her rhyme.

To see and hear and feel, in freedoms joy,
Her elusive vision as it ripens into this form
Is to find again and again a love within.

So, in the darkest times, when we employ,
The tricks and habits which can only deform
Let the words of her eternal love come in.

SONNETS OF ETERNAL HOPE - VI

Let me love you with the will of all wills,
Remembering and forgetting so you,
So we, dance in time on eternal hills
Weathering each new storm, sipping loves dew.

Then, the mysteries of each love filled day
Enlivens and enriches us both an absence
And a presence, when together we stay
Engaged and attentive to our silence.

Without words our loving touch lives beyond,
Within her space; an elusive eternity,
Beyond the everyday needs of our will.

In attaining these remembered moments
Afresh, alive in times maternity,
Will we, with our will, find rest and be still.

SONNETS OF ETERNAL HOPE - VII

Let the words of her eternal love win,
If winning is all that is attained in
The peace and tranquility of each days
Freedom from the haze, found in her true gaze.

But if just being is more than winning,
Without our desire and passion sinning,
Then let the humble sing her loving songs
And find other ways of righting our wrongs.

Speaking of the world as it truly is,
Accepting fully our place and desires,
Means we must seek hopefully to address

The qualities, from words analysis,
And in our quiet ways light up the fires
Found in living words and the love they express.

SONNETS OF ETERNAL HOPE - VIII

Some people just help and heal,
Reaching deep to find and seal
The hurt seen in the eyes and soul
And then with kindness make whole.

Who knew that the simplest words
Could find and repair the twins within:
She with her soul speaking in thirds;
Him with thoughts - Oh where to begin!

First is to see through another's eyes,
Who with care and love show with pride
That the journey home is almost complete.

Second is to act and find those highs,
Which from care and love can never hide
So thank you for my life now so sweet!

SONNETS OF ETERNAL HOPE - X

When gripped in sadness hold steady with joy,
Which one day may repay you with kind words.
Deadened feelings draw in thoughts to destroy
Vestigial wings, which carry singing birds

Up towards the endless skies calling light,
Light which burns dim today, yet never fades.
Melancholias disquieting fright
Tries hard to hide the joy, in darkened shades.

Yet in those quiet places lurks a new dawn,
An eternal serene place opens for you.
And just as the ashes of beaten Troy

Laid out Homers vision for our human ploy
You can become, from grief, one of the few
Who speaks, hidden words, from all fears drawn.

SONNETS OF ETERNAL HOPE - XII

"Natura daedala rerum - Nature is the Contriver of things"
Roman poet Lucretius

We trust in the love of the caring souls,
Who honour us with their peaceful anger,
And in that purest vision of Nature's whole,
Grasped by a few in her sweet answer,

We find her careful words passed through time
Crafted and refined in all languages rhyme.
Those seeking peace accept that in our wars,
From tribes and enchantment of egos flaws,

We begin from a place crafted in human kind,
Where each in their thought has made up their mind
And will no longer move for some inner fear

Driving words of hate leaving love behind
And instead debate in their dance entwined:
Deaf to us commoners, a love they do not hear.

THE SONNETS TO ORPHEUS — Part Two - X

Everything acquired is threatened by the machine, some hold out
For the people and rely on the spirit, rather than be against her, alone.
Some day our beautiful hands will be more beautiful in all our doubt,
When our building of things will intersect truly with the rigid stone.

Nowhere does she remain unseeable, in this our time of self-help,
And she is in her time, her silent factory, oiled with our white noise.
She is the life giver and she remains sincere in doing her best to help,
Yet with the same determination reorders and creates and destroys.

But still it is our one and only enchanted existence; to a hundred
We shall still be the fountainhead. In playing from her pure source
Power, that nobody else touched, she hasn't bowed and wandered.

Words leave still, gentle, spoken from within her unspeakable tome..
And the music, always new, from rigid stones trembling and course,
Builds from within that useless space, her adoring-light filled home.

*Rainer Maria Rilke (1923) Die Sonette an Orpheus. Insel
Verlag: Leipzig. (page 44)*

Alles Erworbene bedroht die Maschine, solange
sie sich erdreistet, im Geist, statt im Gehorchen, zu sein.
Daß nicht der herrlichen Hand schöneres Zögern mehr prange,
zu dem entschlossenern Bau schneidet sie steifer den Stein.

Nirgends bleibt sie zurück, daß wir ihr ein Mal entrönnen
und sie in stiller Fabrik ölend sich selber gehört.
Sie ist das Leben, – sie meint es am besten zu können,
die mit dem gleichen Entschluß ordnet und schafft und zerstört.

Aber noch ist uns das Dasein verzaubert; an hundert
Stellen ist es noch Ursprung. Ein Spielen von reinen
Kräften, die keiner berührt, der nicht kniet und bewundert.

Worte gehen noch zart am Unsäglichen aus ...
Und die Musik, immer neu, aus den bebendsten Steinen,
baut im unbrauchbaren Raum ihr vergöttlichtes Haus.

LOVE AND ART - SONNETS XVI

Of course as with all writers who pen with ink
 There is high and the low and a mediocre style,
 in marble imagining too comes the rich or vile,
 Which only later I came to with my worth link;
That, my fond friend, is in my heart and what I think
 And with all my pride, and humility, I so beguile:
 But the sun that is what really makes me smile
 I then simply see, and in peoples face then sink.
Those who spread sighs, and in labor find her tears
 (A vitreous heaven on earth, candid and alone,
 The various seeds are converted into varied forms),
Will in her tears and sorrow find reward not fears:
 In seeking the highest beauty within her vast unknown,
 Doubting hope, with certainty too comes bitter storms.

Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564)

Sì come nella penna e nell' inchiostro
E l'alto e 'l basso e 'l mediocre stile,
E ne' marmi l'imagin ricca e vile,
Secondo che 'l sa trar l'ingegno nostro;
Così, signor mie car, nel petto vostro,
Quante l'orgoglio, è forse ogni atto umile:
Ma io sol quel c'a me propio è e simile
Ne traggo, come fuor nel viso mostro.
Chi semina sospir, lacrime e doglie,
(L'umor dal ciel terrestre, schietto e solo,
A' vari semi vario si converte),
Però pianto e dolor ne miete e coglie;
Chi mira alta beltà con sì gran duolo,
Dubbie speranze, e pene acerbe e certe.

XLIII

How do I love you? Let me count how I do.
I love you deeply, so highly, with a certainty,
as my soul blindly extends, when with you
our existence touches and we make eternity.

I've loved you until our quietness was my cure,
with each new day touched by your lamps-glow,
as if sun-shines. Free, by right, now as pure
as thee, with life's glory turned away, unsure.

In all the passion attached to life's ordeal
and with it's childish force, it was gone, unreal
I cannot believe in that sacred love no more.

But In your smile, in our calm joyful-plight,
love is life's breath. And if God chooses the door,
I choose in your eternal love at our goodnight.

Wie ich dich liebe? Laß mich zählen wie.
Ich liebe dich so tief, so hoch, so weit,
als meine Seele blindlings reicht, wenn sie
ihr Dasein abfühlt und die Ewigkeit.

Ich liebe dich bis zu dem stillsten Stand,
den jeder Tag erreicht im Lampenschein
oder in Sonne. Frei, im Recht, und rein
wie jene, die vom Ruhm sich abgewandt.

Mit aller Leidenschaft der Leidenszeit
und mit der Kindheit Kraft, die fort war, seit
ich meine Heiligen nicht mehr geliebt.

Mit allem Lächeln, aller Tränennot
und allem Atem. Und wenn Gott es giebt,
will ich dich besser lieben nach dem Tod.

Rainer Maria Rilke (1904) Sonette aus dem Portugiesischen

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with a passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints, --- I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! --- and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

*Elizabeth Barret-Browning (1850) Poems ("New Edition", 2 vols.)
Revision of 1844 edition adding Sonnets from the Portuguese
and others. London: Chapman & Hall*

ECHOES OF LOVE

I wondered, as I wandered, of friends,
And moments came freely of those
Special times of care and joy and laughter.
And the moments which hurt stayed
In the past, echo's now departed.

The immediacy of wandering, with friends,
Is the frustration of daily challenges,
Shaped within our humanities biology.
And the moments which linger long
In every moment, are the echoes of love.

We spoke not of love, as we wandered,
But of what we know which shaped us,
Shaped us as we expressed our care.
And the moments shared linger long
In these words, shared with my love.

WALKING TOGETHER

Digital data are words without meaning;
Information, meaning within his narrow context,
Elusively expressing something of our ways -
Ways expressed in our goings-on together,
Where the meaning is always elusive.

Poetic words are data with a meaning:
Poetry, meaning within her narrow context,
Elusively expressing something of our ways -
Ways expressing all of our goings-on,
Where the meaning is always elusive.

When truth and beauty emerge in words,
Digitally transformed with our human passion,
Elusiveness disappears, for that moment,
As our ways, our goings-on, are clear,
Where the meaning is always love.

LOVES GIFT

Harsh truths with soft edges
May, in releasing her renewed energy,
Find hope within our darkening fears;
Fears as eternal as loves gift.

Hopelessness is not humane
So, in refusing to give in to hate,
Love and hope find compassion;
Tears of eternity finding her gift.

Our homelessness, in Natures home,
Is who we are, as we seek our place;
Striving and working to live our lives
Gears of engines drive our gift.

The noise of our world drowns us
So, let quiet moments in our silence
Be noticed by those who see the
Tears of eternity, found in her gift

And then with soft words speak.
May the release of her powerful voice
Find hope that lightens the dark fears,
Hear more the words of loves gift.

WELTANSCHAUUNG UND GEIST

*"The volition which is given in our will-to-live reaches beyond our knowledge of the world. What is decisive for our life-view is not our knowledge of the world but the certainty of the volition which is given in our will-to-live. **The eternal spirit meets us in nature as mysterious creative power.** In our will-to-live we experience it within us as volition which is both world- and life-affirming and ethical."*

Albert Schweitzer (1923)(1949)The Philosophy of civilisation, Volume II - Civilisation and ethics, Adam & Charles Black: London - XVI

We hang on to the small threads which make us sane
And swim in the endless eddies of the unknown other;
Knowing and not knowing yet moving on day-by-day
Gives us all the joys and fears of a lived life without
Ever fully understanding our place in time.

Between life-affirmation and life-negation is the Geist,
Experienced as the ever changing stable cycling seasons
Which count time, our time, our movements, our history -
In the storm and silence of this world, our shared home,
We separate in the words we choose to speak.

Auseinandersetzung is our way, defining new ways;
As we seek for knowledge, emergent in our technologies,
We remain beyond as we fail to grasp the clear truth -
In our passion is a will to live, existent in each others will,
Which always remains beyond our rational ways.

Oh to fully experience our weltanschauung and to see
And hear the moments where self and other collide,
Creating those sparks, those brief clear moments,
Where we move beyond fear and love what we are,
And so speak and act in full reverence for all life.

THE RETURN

Moving in the ever tightening gyres
Feels releasing and constraining too,
As we dance together beyond the mire,
Within fragments, shared languages glue.

In moving towards this place of hire
What will be re-born is something new;
Where past and present light up a fire,
Which drives those like us, so few!

So in your return think of all those times
When in our caring and loving moments
We shaped and moved in silent rhymes

And found that place to think of those we knew,
Those who are less fortunate than you:
Take time to be again: caring for the few.

THERE IS A STATE OF MADNESS

There is a state of madness which exists,
When the poet sees and the hears; spoken
In words of beyondness, heard and not present.

In those words preserved, from deepest love,
Are echoes of the madness through time; eternal
Moments of place and time and yet beyond time.

Within the loneliness of the madness exists
A kinship in this shared experience - this aching,
This unsatisfied centre, yearning and searching -

Which always fires the souls of poets to write.
In reading the words of poets, sharing their joy,
A truth is forever re-told in the making of loves gift.

WHEN FRIENDS NEED FRIENDS

Moments come and moments go, some live long;
Adorned with the scent of everlasting care they:
 Linger beyond their time;
 Revisit often with joy;
 Remind us who we are!

When words are shared, about those who care;
Bringing to life their present painful challenges they;
 Hurt with the care of time;
 Bring sharply to focus pain;
 Remind us why we are!

Words beyond time come, and may live long;
In reaching out, when friends need friends, they;
 Speak of an aching love;
 In a hope of new joy;
 Remind us to feel!

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